



De La Soul Lyrics

"U Can Do (Life)"

[Whispered]
(ahhhh, ahhh)
c'mon, c'mon, bounce - bounce
c'mon.. bounce, rock, roll
(ahhhh, ahhh)

[Chorus: sung]
You can do, whatever you want
Whatever you like
It's your own life
So let me be, to do what I want
To do what I like
Cause this is my life

[Dove]
It's been about ten long years, my skin wreaks
flavors that your incense couldn't match
We burn slow like syphilis in your piss, accommodated
with the penicill-in, you're listenin, to
This "Art Official" will keep your shoes moonwalkin
Soon to talk about, "Pop Music"
You'll buy it cause you choose it
A lot of MC's is really S&M'n
Whips and chains, I maintain like a old jazz singer
Elephants in any location
Held back in rotation, an apple a day
only makes a nigga fruity
I eat responsibilities to carry out my duty
[?] in the MD's, I pull it out just to polish it
Make notes if you earnin or wait your turnbuckle
I stick to gettin mines like stucco (ahhhh, ahhh)

[Chorus]

[Pos]
I'm that full-time rapper, the nickname's Llama
Part-time father if you ask my daughter's mommas
Missin in action cause the action got a fraction
of the world listenin to me
Got em travellin overseas in lands constantly
Got a sea of hands wavin, ain't misbehavin
but a lot of kids cravin for somethin they ain't got
Like the keys to the ride and a pocket with a knot and it's
holdin they ground til they rot in it
Plottin it, lockin it down strong
cause it's nuttin wrong gettin your bubblin on sticker
But too much bubblin can make you fizz quicker

So watch your stack, keep your fam intact
and pay attention to the now, I'm clearin the mess
While they stressin back in the day, I'm at the front of the night
with my crew shinin light on the (ahhhh, ahhh)

[Chorus x2]

[Pos]

Now we on top of this like a typical bed position
Peepin your view, got your whole crew wishin and waitin
Makin dollars out of ten dime pieces
who be sippin out the glass suckin on the lime pieces included
In my pieces I pen the good livin
And even when we're stressin from in the hood livin
at least we're livin and there ain't no hell in that
Give me a yell in that, and go (ahhhh, ahhh)

[Dove]

I wanna see the world ten times over
Dive off cliffs and land on opportunities unthinkable
You sinkin straight to the bottom; while I float in parades
that St. Patty couldn't put up
All my niggaz tryin to build, then throw your wood up
Design life like PNB gears so stand clear for the blast off
Last off my chest, peace to Dav West
Live your life to the fullest (ahhhh, ahhh)

[Chorus]

[whispered]

You can do.. what you want.. what you like
Let me be.. what I want.. what I like

De La Soul Lyrics

"My Writes"

(feat. Tash & J-Ro)

[ad libs for the first 30 seconds]

[Dove]

Yo - who hold guns and rock ice bigger than life;
got bitches throwin they drawers on stage - that ain't me!
I raise kids, push whips, piss an MC
Love money like I love my moms
Love my nigga Com Sense when he bang dents all up in they wallets
Wall to wall bullshit I got hardwood floors
Set sail for tour ever since eighty-nine
so y'all are fuckin the same hoes who used to be mine

[Tash]

And I've been waitin three summers to rhyme longside my people
Rico, De La, inject you with the lethal
dose of hop-hippin if you thought CaTash was slippin
then put that drink down, you drunk off what you sippin
CaTash put the dip in dip dive socialize
Fuck around with me and next you'll find yo' crib burglarized

[Xzibit]

Yo you better recognize and try to analyze this
Hand over fist - how can a man act like a bitch?
Change and switch, snitch on his crew
Yo get rid of the niggaz before the same thing happen to you

[Pos]

And they'll leave your ass sticky like glue
Blood leakin out, girls freakin out, motherfuckin cops tweakin out
Got you on your knees like a freak, jugglin deez nuts
Smugglin these cuts from S.C., you best be-
-lieve there's no web or leave a net
We done swallowed 40 bottles of threat, yo

[Chorus: all together]

What you know about my writes? (my writes)
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?
And what you know about an off night? (uhh)
What you know about niggaz frontin for the light?
And what you know about them gun fights? (gun fights)
Got a nigga duckin while them girls show fright
What you know about my writes? (my writes)
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

[Xzibit]

Yeah, yeah, look

I'm Samson without Delilah, the soul survivor
The drunk driver that rolls straight, take the whole cake
Chop it up with the family, wash it down with alcohol
My telly's a Desert Eagle for all the fuckin shots I called
My niggaz gotta ball, never settle for less
Heavy metal, heavy on yo' chest like two breasts
Step into my office cause it's time for you to roll somethin
One false move, and we gon' beat you like you stole somethin

[Pos]

Yo these style I kick should be called [?] rap
Drawin the pussy out the nigga after my prize, cause I want it
They stomach what I throw, they know I'm right for they diet
They librarian flow keeps the party real quiet (shhhhh)
The love I lost outweighs the rhymes I gain
but the fact that I spit 'em makes me cherish the name
So pass the mic so I can put in my share
I rip it from home to L.A.
with connectin flights to rip it elsewhere

[J-Ro]

Drinkin up Black & Tan in the back of a van
I learned as a young man - long trip, piss in a can
Gettin a house for two grand, now you got your own land
Let your mind expand, everyday have a plan
Ro-Gram is rare earth, swingin Black Tarzan
You got to live with the cards dealt in yo' hand
Stay young like Peter Pan, like Sly, take a Stand
and go Uptown Saturday Night like Ichiban

[Dove]

I keep it dirty like under the bed (dirty)
Dirty like Uncle Red; aiyyo, [?]
Dirty brown Likwit flow thicker than the Yoo-Hoo
Dirt you dishin out, chef tellin it all
Face down in the dirt, doin my dirty work
Expert, tryin to regulate my network
Head jerk, spice it with rice, stick with it
If they ask who cut the grits I'ma say E-Swift did it

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Tash]

And I've been known to get it on, past the break of the dawn
Tash'll punch you in your grill and leave "Potholes in Yo' Lawn"
(C'mon!) You makin diss songs? Spit that rhyme my way
I can shut y'all niggaz down like the Y-2-K
I did a tour in ninety-four with De La Soul and Tribe
We on the same vibe, cause real niggaz coincide
("Right-right-right..") The situation is drastic
but see songs like these is why this album goin classic

[J-Ro]

This is for the DJ, bring it back one time
I drop bombs like when my moms told me to rhyme
I'm - old school like my dad is
So add this, to your collect', Plug Won - who the baddest?

[Pos]

Aiyyo we theme park status, upstage these niggaz like Gladys
Them little Pips, they done tripped the wire
Blamin they legs, while I'm claimin these tunes
In this we'll stay down like seats found in sorority bathrooms

[Xzibit]

Yeah - we flat out classic, seperate the real from the plastic
and I gotta say no names
Play no games, hit the switches, crack the frame
Show no shame or fuck it all up, take the blame
Brand name fresh out the box type hustle
Manpower success is mind over muscle
Grind til the wheels fall off, accept the loss
I never been soft, whatever the cost, addicted to floss
Nailed to the cross it's time to return
My only concern is makin sure that Hollywood burn,
Hollywood burn, burn to the ground, trick-ass niggaz
is all up in the game and don't deserve to be down

[J-Ro]

Four bottle rap, twist the cap and kick back
De La, Xzibit and Tha Liks came to get that
And what you know about us droppin ya
and leavin you with half a face like the Phantom of the Opera?

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Chorus extended]

Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

[Tash]

You got the right to shut the fuck up! *[laughing]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"Oooh!"

(feat. Redman)

[Redman (doing Run-D.M.C.'s "Together Forever (Live at Hollis Park '84)")]

Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled

Get your ass up, and let's get ill

That's right y'all, we more than rough, we callin your bluff

And when it comes to rhymes... (Brick City)

[Pos]

Yo, don't scandalize mine

I spent too much time

Straight talk with the catch to etch my line walk

Never fetchin for crime, halt! Who goes there?

[Dove]

Yo, it's the squeeze of five fingers, puffin Smokey the Bear

Shinin black like Darth Vader caps, they on stare

[Pos]

While we rockin it, I'll rock in it (rock in it)

Like the little ball inside the spray can

Providing three coats for both child, woman and man

[Chorus One: Redman]

God bless the God, lay these Streets Wall to Wall

It go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, you got popped like a flick by that rivalry click

It went - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

[Pos]

It ain't my fault your ass is on the asphalt

Got your chin touched by my fam who though you brought harm, you see

I'm iced out like a glass of tea

Better yet, oatmeal cookies, y'all just rookies to me

Slidin' up and down the court, but I don't think you can D

Why try? Maseo be gettin high since Luke was Luke Skywalk'

Man, my topic of talk is sheddin shame all over your game

Like them shorties who claim that afrocentric lovin is the past drug

A life filled with (TWEET) that's what thugs love

Snatch you fast, wrap that ass in the rug of your choice

while it muffles your voice

[Dove]

Now when I'm swimmin through the joint, I put the funk on hold

Cause if you don't, you'll see the bubbles come up

We run up a tab and gladly add a little extra for miss

Flashy faces with bigger lips for that ass to kiss

[Pos]

Most crews are post-current while we're forever
Direct beats that's contagious, loved by all ages
Graduated from the you-and-I-versity
of hard-hitters, for real

[Chorus Two: Redman]

I got niggas in the streets that'll blast your ass for the shine
And get - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, if you a fat chick gettin your fuck on tonight
Then go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, put your hands opposite to the ground if you're lovin our sound
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, and to my broke niggaz on the corner holdin me down
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

[Dove]

Yo, I swear Tommy gonna get it, he done did me wrong
I had plans to buy more land, plant corn
Bust kernels on heat, work hard like wetbacks
Set backs is gonna get my ass to be hostile
Rockwilder the beat, top dollar defeat
Big money's make the big decisions
Keep hip-hop alive, it's just an intermission
Back to the second half of the feature flick
Dick stacks and fuck rap

[Pos]

I had a name for makin paper since paper mache
Now my dollar coins join pounds of yen for play
While you broke niggaz reach drunk much quicker
You don't make enough bread to soak up all your liquor
Went from God to God damn

[Redman]

Damn God, you're killin it
Should incorporate it, invest half a mil' in it
Rap cats talk with no will in it

[Pos]

Soundin like they virtual
This joint'll hurt you, yo

[Dove]

Twas the night before Christmas and my crib got robbed
(shhh shhh shh, shhhhh) They did a job
Took all my goodies out from under the tree, except the CD's
of shiny-suit rappers and flossin emcees
who fail at takin it to rhyme degrees

[Pos]

Man, you know no wack poems get no play in our homes
You need to not get nappy with me

Or else we gon' "relax your mind, let your conscious be free"

[Chorus Three: Redman]

Yo, where my Wall Street niggaz, if ya up in the stands

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

To my women that'll throw they hands against they punk-ass man

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, if you never been shot or stabbed

Brick City go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, I gotta catch a cab back to the lab so I can smoke

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Thru Ya City"

(feat. D.V. Alias Khrist)

Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh
Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh, ohh
we talkin bout

[D.V. Alias Khrist]
Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*

[Pos]
I ain't no thug son, my name is Plug Won
I drop a certified gem, for him and her
Knockin on your radio, like the Crash Crew
ask whoever you want - I'm managin the funk on the paper
Outside of that we pull capers for days
Ridin throughout the maze of street, while we blaze the beat
Watchin the sweet things wiggle they butt
to Plug Three, on the cut, movin on ya what-
-ever ya got, we gon' get, bringin our point, to ya position
Rippin stages with my thought coalition
Carryin on, eradicate all your stress mode
Just another episode through these area codes
We bankin on

[D.V. Alias Khrist]
Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*
Hmmm..

[Pos]
It's the hot-ness, talked about but never seen
like the Loch-Ness, til ya cop this; drop it inside your vein,
and like a train, we be runnin throughout your legs and arms
You're high off our talent and charm
Check the caliber - this be a smash
like some food on stage for Gallagher
Wear ya bib, cause it's messy
Niggaz schemin on my (Girl) as if my name was +Jesse+
Watch your manners! Now let me pass it off to Dave Banner

[Dove]
Yo, I set travels like Karen LaRue
Small talkin in the big city, it's all about gettin the coins
Everywhere I go I touch a tenderloin
They sportin a dot com Viet marker bomb

on your metro - MARTA order iron horse
Yo take the cross and meet a nigga at the butcher
I'm cuttin your girl - we on a world tour
Supplyin your bloodstream with nothin but the pure uncut, in ya

[D.V. Alias Khrist]
Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. mmmm..

Freak freak freak the funk the funk the funk the funk
funk freak the freak the freak the freak the freak
Freak freak the funk freak freak the funk

[Dove]
We ain't walkin on a yellow brick road
These streets stay red and bloody kid
Study your code, so you can easily pass
I stash a little love when I'm on the visitation
If you crossin my lane, nigga do the same
I guaranteed to run through and prove the game
ain't bigger than the pieces in it
You see the pieces in it had me stuck travellin one side of map
Clappin hands with rap cats who ain't deserve dap
Long hauls and livin out a suitcase man
Chickenheads and gangs of fruitcakes man
Ain't nuttin better than explorin the outskirts
especially when she ain't got no pantyhose on, and it's on

[Pos + Dove going "Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh" every 2 lines]

Yo - it's like, the Mercenary gettin down
And we got, Dave Banner gettin down
And we got, Maseo gettin down
And of course, my nigga Eno gettin down
And we got, Jay Dee gettin down (say word y'all)
And of course, the Slum V gettin down
And we got my man Khrist gettin down
And we got, Com Sense gettin down
And we got, N.D. gettin down
You know Troy Hightower gettin down
And we got, C. Smith gettin down
And my nigga, Dave West gettin down..

De La Soul Lyrics

"I.C. Y'all"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

Yeah!

[Busta Rhymes]

Ha ha ha-hah ha-hah ha, ha-hah ha-hah ha
Ha ha Flipmode y'all, whatchu talkin bout?
De La y'all, whatchu talkin bout?
Whatchu talkin bout?

[Dove]

Yo, you gettin stomped by the marching band
Keep 'em shook like spray cans (it's so hot)
It's so hot it'll make your face tan (ooh!)
Ace ban rap, the place the wasteland
Bit y'all in my mouth, but you taste bland
I feel fake niggaz and mince these snake niggaz
that hiss but won't bite - false alarm
And if it don't (Rockwild) we fin' to drop a bomb
(Word up) (Strong) grip on a mic like we (Stretch Arm)
I BEEN shine, you been warned and been torn
Get smacked for the B.S. you been on
Storm bad weather/whether or not you stay scorned
For ten years I've baked shit like hot potato
Rhymes still drippin like stu-b's, you groupies
need to show I.D. before the bust down
Touched down the God put 7 to your Zippo
and drop it on you heavy like a hippo
(Now you heard that?)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all
Ladies get down shake yo' ASS around, I hope you know that
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all
To all my soldiers on the corner I.C. Y'all (see y'all)
Women doin what they wanna I.C. Y'all
To them people gettin pulled over I.C. Y'all (see y'all)
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) wouldn't wanna be y'all

[Pos]

It's the one and only effect, that you catch from a cassette
Straight wig out the world and girls we straight dig out ya back
with letters spellin out my name
All over your marquee, cause the spark is me
Currently we can be seen across your screen
Stayin wide-eyed cause you niggaz tryin to scheme
Welcome to the spot - I'm slaying with it

Chop it up and fit it inside your quart of rice
You speak ghetto falsetto on the mic device
Tryin to give me third degree, you just a third of me
Couldn't be the shit if you were a turd of me
A man tight with my funds, crush like Ricky D
who quoted Vance Wright - no one can serve us!
My squad advance heights quite superb
Just kick off your shoes - jump on the jock
It's been a long time comin this you NEED to cop!

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

It goes one (one) two (two) three (three) four (four)
Bounce so much I ricochet up off the floor (floor)
So raw shit the most raw you ever saw
Quarter after four, niggaz quick to bust the back door
Baby - open your blouse while I joust another nigga's spouse
Quick Jamaican dick style all in they house
I practice to be the all access, you see the fact is
my mouth dirty, so follow while I display the slackness
Yo, you see my slang talk straight from the slums
When I was young, moms put soap on my tongue, and yo-yo
Forever we gettin this CHEDDAR with the quickness
While I cast the spell on these bitches, you can be my eyewitness
Short fuse, nowadays Langston Hughes
We gettin money with whoever - even the Jews
The way we finagle and gain it must be all in my shoes
Fuck a nigga up with De La like [?] can amuse

[Chorus]

De La Soul Lyrics

"View"

[Pos]

Yo.. we bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)
Yo! We bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)
Yo!

[Chorus: Pos]

We run it, HOT! When we over the drums
To the, TOP! Cause the bottom we're from
We got the, DROP! On your weekend crew
cause you're full-time talkin while we peepin your view

[Pos]

Rahubat[?], you know my name
I run my humbleness with fame
God-body, nuttin plain
while you claimin shepherd that you heard this
you, heard this on day first
Watch my man, he'll make it worse
Ain't no new click, we still Native

[Dove]

Clothes knit, stitched tight, related
that's the way we handle it
Pin us up or mantle it
We on fire you candle lit
Daydreamin, on a rack
Get bought worn and brought back
We sport rhyme thought real tight

[Pos]

to gain sizes much bigger
Life life well, get mail filled with
checks from sales we deliver

[Dove]

Spend a little, make a little
I want it big like white boy wallets
Credit believered, Fed-Excellent
To my dot com, we on the web like Charlotte's
Hornet, back her up, she too much on it
Your plastic ass'll get swiped
past the limit see you the type
to get yo' cosmetics smeared on pillows all night

[Chorus]

[Pos]

while we peepin your view
while we, peepin your view
We got they eyes on lock
Let them flock to your wit while I spit after you

[Dove]

Look ma, I'm still rhymin
Baby boy still providin
Breakin bread in four states
Makin these struggles get gone
Private eyes, I see y'all spyin
You watch while I clock
Fertilize my brain data
Makin accounts grow green like the front lawns

[Pos]

Yo I may be old school
but I'm not no old fool
Heard out your mouth words flee
bout "These niggaz ain't nice"
You just barbershop talkin
while we round the world walkin
B, you ain't D.M.C.
You slip and fall on my ice
No lyin, straight shinin
I give you supper from my upper diamond
You got limbs so climb in

[Dove]

Yo, soak up what you find-in
We too pure for you to try
You sniffin maybe's and if's

[Pos]

And if "if" was a spliff
Man we'd all be hiiiiiiigh-iiiiigh.. iiiggghhhh..

[Dove]

.. but it's not, so sober up
You flashin out like you paparaz'
You'll need to take a liver shot
to feel the heat on how we runnin it, YO

[Chorus x1.75 minus last line, 2nd time]

[Pos]

cause you're full time talkin while we, while we
while we lettin you know I'm in a
certified rhyme meadow for days
If you ask Mercenary bout this shit, it pays
Hitting Willie Mays style out the park

Mastering in this (Art) that's (Official)
Your ears absorb this like tears, on a tissue
cause my thoughts are dollar bill crisp
Distinct like E-Double's lisp
L.I. alumni, wonder why I got it
Got it? Get a piece
Got product that you all should own and not lease
Some say drummers play synonymous with ill
with wordplay, that keep us all paid like a bill
We're the parent company
You the sub in my D-I-vision
You don't know how.. *[words fade out]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"Set The Mood"

(feat. Indeed)

Now check it (sup?)
Let me set the mood here aight? (yeah aight cool)
We gonna, set it off with In-dee-dee, dee-dee-dee, -deed
(Yeah that's right) You know
La-la-la-la-ladies first and all that
(That's right ladies first)
So peep it - you see this girl
who been poppin MAD shit about you
So I want you to get into it a little bit
I want you to cru-cru-cru-crush that [?]

[Indeed]

I was sittin on my lunchbreak, grittin my teeth
It's the last day of the week, man what a relief
My arms are sore as hell, I felt rigid and stiff
so I turned around and I rolled this big fat spliff
That's when I seen her, steppin out a rented yellow Beemer
This local ghetto fame rap cat her name was Tina
She was braggin she was goin on tour
The same shit she was screamin since the year before
Ever since the De La Soul video, she seen me on the TV
Heard that she was holdin a grudge and tryin to see me
Workin underground circuits and mad cyphers of people
When she asked who was ill, all she got was Indeed
She wanna battle (what?) and it wasn't hard to tell
All that I was thinkin bout was tryin to smoke my L
I had four hours left and I was tired as hell
Plus it was 12:55 almost time for the bell
She had an ill screwface mug, frontin like she know Joe
Gangsta bitch profile, boppin like allegro
Forty-below Timbos, fatigues saggin
Pullin all her money out her pocket while she's braggin
on her gold fronts with her name on it
Her ice finger roll hand g-low while she claim fame on it
I peeped the stee' - then I crushed her with ease
just for interruptin me while I was rollin my trees

AIGHT? (Whoo!)

That shit was bla-bla-bla, bla-blaze! (word)
Now we gon' se-se-set, se-set this one up
for my man Mercenary (aight aight yo let's do this)
(whassup?) Yo, I don't want you to make it like
a story or nuttin (aight)
I just want-want, want want-want
want you to come on some straight rhy-rhy-rhyme
rhy-rhy, rhy-rhyme shit - rip a nigga in his ass!

And let him know how WE do it, y-y-y'know?

[Pos]

Now Maseo puff cheeba, while Rich sniff lines
David J push the whip while Candy Cal pull dimes
And me right behind, with the shorty gettin her math
to do the Savion routine and just, tap that ass
Still the one who kill wackness, man I left them niggaz crippled
Had em all soft to hard back to soft like a nipple
My (Art is Official) while you're art-ifcial
Break you down to your very last participle
Let me enlighten you, cause your third eye's on dim
Me gettin taken out is rare like a smile from Rakim
See I'm remarkable, you're just bull
last name shit, y'all niggaz need to quit
Open your mitt, and catch this
I autograph every word you bit
Testify then/[?] take your picture
Got an infinity of non-rhymes to hit ya
while your whole clan is blam
Understand that you must be smokin POUNDS of weed out of a pipe
and mistook your munchies, for bein hungry for the mic
And now you have to deal with these cats who's truly right
like estates with a pit on the lawn bark at the gates
Put the whole entire plate in your face
Make the point like who's that on that joint? It's me
I'm in everything you see like [?], yo I'm in demand
I'm in the club man I'm in your hand
bein bought, I'm even in the thought from your girl
The only thing you're in is in acting
Your world'll be smashed
Run against the Won and you'll be last
like that call for alcohol, depletin your cash
That's how you supposed to get in somebody ass
y'knowhatmsayin? Know-know-know, know-know, know-know dat!
Hahahahaha

[ghost weed skit 2 follows]

De La Soul Lyrics

"All Good?"

(feat. Chaka Khan)

[Chaka Khan]

Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!

[Chorus: Chaka Khan x2]

It ain't all good, and that's the truth
Thangs ain't goin like you think they should - it's all on you

[Chaka Khan]

I don't care about what you think you see
the thangs you want to know when you look at me
God knows I done been through and paid my dues
Can't change how you feel, cause it's - all on you-whoahhha-ohhh-yeah

[Dove]

I wish that, you could be a little bit more upfront
Weigh the situation how you want (right)
The lovin that you claim is just a four letter word
The third letter's invitin so visualize the verb
You curve thoughtways when you're handlin the candleabra
so you sittin on the baby grand
Transmittin like you're made of man
but you paint a funny face like a chick
When I see you I'ma tell you quick that uh..

[Chorus 1/2]

[Dove]

I can't believe we built this large pizza pie together
No pepperoni
Yeah you wanted extra cheese, sometimes I gave you extras
How we divided slices like the Red Sea theory
I was Moses hopelessly scorned by your thorn zapora
Tried to bring that fairy-tale life, you wanted horror
but my microscope couldn't see or cope with that
I had to bolt from that, and left you dead in the sea
It's better for me, I'm satisfied with reppin for D

[Pos]

We were certified hot, then dropped to lukewarm
Now we back up in the spot, claimin never been gone
Niggaz who cut us off, wanna reattach us now
(Them girls who brushed us off, say they want some #'s to dial)
Yeah I give that ass a number, and some lumber to pile

Now catch a curve from my kick (or show me lovin by brick)
So stick to the same plan, don't come shakin my hand
like we peeps, it ain't beef but be sure to understand
Between us, it ain't all..

[Chorus]

[Pos] You see them kids be schemin on what we done copped
[Cha] Always out there schemin!
[Pos] They steady fiendin for the moment they can get us off the block
[Cha] Why they always fiendin?

[Pos]

Your people might have your back, but you need to watch your front
Indeed, ain't nothin guaranteed

[Chaka Khan]

That's the truth! Things ain't goin like you think they should

[Pos]

A lot say they wanna walk in my size 10's
Aight then; here's a pair
Lace 'em up tight then you might feel what was dealt to me
You see ain't no young boys up in here; keep a clear head
Tryin to keep my pockets on stuffed - like deer heads
upon the wall, so all the gall we get from y'all DON'T FAZE
So mind your biz and walk away
cause I'm never gonna let you up inside my maze

[Chaka Khan]

I don't care about what you think you see
the thangs you want to know when you look at me
God knows I done been there and paid my dues
I can't change how you feel, cause it's all, on you-whoahhha-ohhhhh

[Chorus]

[Chaka Khan ad libs to end]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Declaration"

Yo, this girl called me..
"Hi Pos! Heard your shit, back in style baby!"
.. heard the De La, said I'm back in style y'know?
Heh..

[scratching]
"You-you-you.. you need to stop"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"
"There's always ONE.. (ONE!)"
[Rebel INS] "Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains"
"There it is!"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]
The average MC sells terror
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice
Not one of your top five MC's
but I see clearly with ease you lack this
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast
playin host to your regiment
who rally to boast, but now boast no more
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print
I came specifically, to fracture yo' ability
to grandstand anywhere next to me
This is the year, when the true better man
keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated
by the ones who hated me on spittin tighter
Salute these "Supa Emcees" for bein clever;
and never use the weed as a ghost writer

[scratching]
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"
[Malik B] "Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment"
"Yeah, word up!"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]
Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin scared
so in one stare they gettin strapped
Cash rules NUTTIN from below the belt
The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?
(Where them dollars at?) Musta been bitten by a rabbit
Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper change
I'm snatchin the mic, like I'm lootin

with a whole lot of shootin while you're keepin out of sniper range
Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze
you dead center in your tracks with your hands high
Ain't no tricks, we set it to fire like Hendrix
All the hard rocks at liquor spots
All over the scene, makin it messy
so we make a clean getaway to a better day
Can't say the same, for them cats who left the game
cause they couldn't claim the better pay
This ain't no masquerade
so the mass parade of people need to stop frontin
There's truly a few makin them hits
while us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field buntin
Make it to third base, but never reach home
The word is, your whereabouts is unknown
While we're that point of view, that you never really knew
with the stitch to keep the cut sewn (De La!)

[scratching]

[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot"

..

ROCK A BYE BABY!! ON THE TREE TOP!!
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS!! THE CRADLE WILL ROCK!!
ROCK!! RO..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Squat!"

(feat. Mike D and Ad Rock)

"Turn that shit off man! What's wrong with you man?
You know we got a party man, get the other record!"

(Here we go..)

[from "Stix N Stonz"] ".. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"

[Mike D]

It's the M-I-K, E ohh to the D
I'm comin exquisite and V.I.P.
Tryin to spread some love like roots on a tree
Stayin true to this vision in the Y2G

[Dove]

Two G's got em scratchin it like the fleas
And Ad Rock got it locked like a crooked cop

[Ad Rock]

Nooooooooo; it's Ad Rock, y'all remember me
The guy ya bit ya style from off the TV

[Pos]

I score Mmmma-Zah-Ayy's all day, my essays are felt worldwide
We like four planets on the mic
Aligned arrays retired all in the days
Game (baby-baby) too blam for these lames

[Ad Rock]

When I was nine, I played with slime
Got rhymes ga-lot, got rhymes ga-limes
I got a million like rhymes leavin ya stung
I got my own crew called the nasal tongue!

[Dove]

Yo take a few of these b-boys and call me in the mornin (okay)
Keep it on the crusty eye, bagel with some butterflies
Spit gritty like we in MCA's voice box
Y'all bull and my ox don't fit the mix

(Disc jock!) It be some classic material kid
(Disc jock!) Got the calm cats blowin their lid
(Disc jock!) You get plush off the rack
and buy plenty or more we got em by the stack
(Disc jock!) Got us walkin all over the world
for all the fly fellas and all the fly girls
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough when we servin this

[x8]
Come on - SQUAT!

[Pos]
Now we'd like, to introduce to you, Ad Rock

[Ad Rock]
Ad Rock in the house you don't stop!
It's the B-E-A-S-T-I-E B-O-Y-S with the most finesse
Don't mean to be crude, don't mean to be crass
But listen Giuliani you can kiss my ass (what?)
You heard my word, now Dove you play the preacher
Get on the mic if you love all the creatures

[Dove]
Well yeah I got these fishes swimmin round my baracuda
Back in '82 I used to ride a street scooter
Called em cuter than pigtails, sales you keep em level, and
smack you with a shovel and break your lifestyle (owww!)
Firm on the mic since my days of a child
Got a "License +TOO+ III" to flash to police
The only beast I huddles with the Beastie Boys
Bringin "Noise" like P.E. to your TV

[Pos]
Aiyyo this beat's barefoot and knock-kneed
Stripped to the rhyme!
And every line made from scratch
Attached like stripes to shell-toes
Thin spools that hold the herb
Mike what's the word? (WORD!)

[Mike D]
It's like the ooh-la-la, ooh-ooh-la-la
Rhymin over old breaks like the Mardis Gras
Party people cross and bump they go ooh and they ahh
And Mike D and Ad Rock down with the De La

(Disc jock!) Get the people dancin for real
(Disc jock!) Theater (jock!) holdin mass appeal
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough STILL
so here's another dose for you to feel!
Put ya body in it!

[x8]
Come on - SQUAT!

[Mike D]
I'm feelin good, damn good, but also confused
This stuff from hip-hop that's bein misused
It's desirin, acquirin, tryin to be like Iverson
if it means backstabbin and also conspirin

[all together]

Nowwww, the people in the front - you do the bump bump
The people in the back - they're not the whack whack
The people in the middle - come on and wiggle wiggle
And the people on the side - we can all take a ride!

[Dove]

In my VW I done swung an ep' or two
The rear in my hatchback y'all know I scratched that
Here to haystack, keep it rosy in the Rolls
Skiddin out to place my vote at the polls for Ad Rock

[Ad Rock]

Well I'm the the toe tapper, yes the hand clapper
From the middle school like the educated rapper
I'm known as an occupational MC
You think I lose sleep if you sleep on me?!

[Pos]

Its the rock solid, pilot, here to fly (ROCK!)
Reachin elevations too far for the eye (EYE!)
Miraculous beats over breaks in these packages
Seen (all over the globe) and all the types
who thinks our joints is aight, here's a swab for ya ear
(to clean out ya lobe) and listen to a few views
from two crews spittin for the art of it
We ain't takin over but damn sure takin part of it

[Dove]

Started it ever since we minced meat
You Sloppy Joe's went and took a bit of the corn dog
Stay there! I'ma play there (cuz they pay there)
In the big old Santa Claus bag got discs and now we out

[Beastie Boys]

Signin off, signin off, our work is done
So come on party people..
Have (have) have (have) have FUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[from "Stix N Stonz"] .. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Words From The Chief Rocker"

(feat. Busy)

[Busy Bee]

That's right, I'm dancin y'all
I'm gon' keep on dancin into the new millenium
Ya understand what I'm sayin?
Hey De La Soul, Beastie Boys
I love the way y'all doin this baby
Y'all just gotta keep kickin it
because the kids don't know, the other people don't know
but they all gon' know now because me
the Chief Rocker Busy Bee gon' just keep kickin flava babyyy!
Ah like this

Just dance, and don't quit
cause the music is gonna be the shit

I just dance, and don't quit
cause the music is gonna be the shit
And now once upon a time in the place to be
They was standin in line to see the Busy Bee
When I pulled up to the curb in my ninety-eight
I rushed inside so I won't be late

You know the party was packed, where you couldn't even move
And Busy Bee rocked, to the funky funky grooves
To the beat that makes you want to freak
Ah to the beat that gets rump out your seat
Ah to the beat that makes you say
Busy Bee, Busy Bee is in the house, ha HAH!!

I like the way this is goin down man

Ahh this is just too much
We just gotta keep doin this
Because this is how we do it
No static, no automatics
This is just how we just gon' keep kickin this flavor baby..

De La Soul Lyrics

"With Me"

[Intro/Chorus: sung]

Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby

[x2]

[Dove]

How you gon' tell me to mind my own biz
when you lookin like somethin I need to know about?
I used to go about it the wrong way, tuggin your arm when you'd pass
But I see you got class besides all that
Yeah I'm picky in my own way too
While the rest of these fools is lookin to screw your brains out
I bling'd[?] out don't[?] wanna stand froze
Practicin my hello's, hey lady, how you doin
Renewin these vows is like fifty steps beyond from here
Shit I don't even know your name yet (word)
Ain't sure what your character contains yet
But damn lady, you could be my Valentine
Cupid got his infrared on my chest clocked
Let the rest flock, they just birds anyway
I grow my confidence in words the Henny way - yeah, buy me a drink
so we can sink into that thought path..

[Chorus]

[Pos]

Now you know you ain't right, eyein me up all night
despite the fact some kid is runnin chitta-chat in your ear
How the hell we get here, with me over here, and you over there
when we can make, such an obvious pair?
Why miss? Have you misread my shyness for conceit?
I'm peepin how you move it to the pace of the beat
Got my eyes on wide as they constantly collide with yours
Your heavenly body rushin the tide to shore
Your heavenly body rushin these guys to the floor
to find pleasure in your double digit design,
but these clowns look hurt
And as a woman's ex-nigga I'm a woman ex-pert
Understandin how the ovaries and all that shit work
Extremely dreamy, my eyes you look surprised
that I'm movin closer - don't be, I'm supposed to D.C.
Are you for real or a tease?

[Dove]

Now let that drink set in sweet, we up close and personal
Ain't nuttin dull about this, sharp like Swiss precision

(Caught you watch-in) my every move from the door
Teran escortin us to V.I.P., we live in D.C.
Shoestring dress I wanna fuck and make your hair look a mess
Suckin the straw huh? You know the head game
First place chick girl I'm all about winnin too
I want my trophy life-sized in a see through

[Pos]

This ain't your average, whippin your batterage
drivin song that probably isn't your type
So I type it long with that ink that won't budge
or smudge off your memory; courtesy of SkyTel
My mail, pop up like some bubbles found on VH-1
Also need the math to your color pH-1
Not the old man in the club who needs his dub to get rubbed
but sound the buzzer, I'm comin to sub

[Chorus x1.25]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Copa (Cabanga)"

Ladies and gentlemen!
We got De La up in the house tonight
They just walked up in here
We gon' see if they can come up here
and do a lil' somethin for us

[Dove]

Yo, it's star-studded in here
I'm on the moon like the first man
First can I grab is gon' get it
She all independent but want her throat wetted
Tight from the floor to height
See I saw the night, in dream bubbles I fiend to see double
so I sip until my bladder bust
You in V.I.P., so why you mad at us? (Word)
By-stand, I'm in the world fox-trottin
gettin my Fred Astaire on, follow my lead girl

[Chorus: x2 uh-huh only 2nd repeat]

Me and you come over, we
do it like the cha-cha, just
like we at the Cop-a, Ca-bang-a (uh-huh)

[Pos]

For all my niggaz runnin around like the mothership landed
Or is it because there's some others who handed
their daughters over to the night life
Yes we tryin to find a night wife to get wit
Interface with they whole clique, I force the draft
I get the first pick, run this easily
?? rule like D, Joey and Jay
Around the way, we're goin
but first tell all these women who ain't knowin

[Chorus x2]

[Pos]

Yo.. I talk no shame upon this
I got aim all on this to shoot and score the trout
who's actin all cute and out of position while I'm wishin
to get her bottom limbs arched like a grasshopper
Puttin in work to make it last proper
Ninety percent of the time is on my mindframe
So I'm game to reign up to par
while my fam runs it cool up at the bar, I stay clearheaded
Lettuce enough cheese to get shredded
We like Navy Seals lookin for the gold

Our natural appeal got them others on hold
Them girls dealin with us tonight
Came with the large appetite and got served
Got nerve to think less, you can bless me and my kinfolk
Rushin up against my yolk-sac promote that
pimp play upon how we get it on for real!

[Chorus]

[Dove]

You see you hopeless up in the spot
Talkin a lot of champagne taste holdin 40 ounce pockets
Switch the sprocket to gear to top of the year
We gon' drop it like confetti on it, get ready on it
Her fast ass wanna get all Andretti on it
Makin my main man Poke like Trakmasterz
Blazin-trail, we Portland to Nor-ton
"Honeymoon" flicks don't exist in this
I sip a little left to twist spines together
Vertical hold, we gon' combine together (yeah)
Even if we spill the love
we got compliments up at the front door
Just tell em Dullah sent ya
Thirty minute Tae*Bo shit's how I bench ya
All on a Saturday night, step to life
I love the way Sally walk
Bow legged in a two piece steel, we live in New York
We live in New York

[Chorus x1.5]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Foolin"

Who you foolin.. only foolin [x2]

[Dove]

Yo, I stay cousin to this, introducing Mr. Dave Banner
Scannin proper with my sight muscle
This rap shit, is just my night hustle
My J-O's to stay fearin of my G-O-D
Whether what may, meet me at the front door
See the pressure got a nigga knockin shit off his desk
Cause of the stress I stack words make cats bruise they neck tissue
Stay pertinent to the issues
Cut your tag too close, display these verses tight, virtuals
sort of like we supposed to, pantyhose raps you run
Stay [?] like black folks some [?]
mostly fakin it, to make it

[Pos]

I play low-key til it's time for you to know me
Stir my lime with light, drink it down slowly
Holy shit! Now look what I get
A whole string of party people wanna run in my mix
In my world they wanna fit like melanin in a tit
Jam tight, they ain't my fam alright? They ain't my people
Them niggaz screamin fam til they rank measure equal
then vote, without leavin a note, and that was all she wrote
Arranged produced my slang's obtuse
but some distort, tellin stories like Mother-the-Goose
My true fam's [?] back since with Vince Mason
We'll draw on three, leave that body for the tracin
Ultimate high, like them drugs you be lacin
Coulda stood next to me, at the top of the key
but you had to play gutter, didn't want to climb
Now you find yourself talked about in my rhyme

[Dove]

While you fools claim corners, we gon' claim theories
Y'all some stickball niggaz, we the World Series
Been here, just pleadin the same case
ever since we spaced about "3 Feet"
Pinchin your ears, inchin for years
but you still stuck at the mezzanine and
we at the penthouse level with the same old rugs
same old tubs, same old tables and same faults
Same crew and the same old train of thought

[Chorus: De La Soul]

My guess you need to head West (who you foolin)
Thought we'd fall for your phonyness you're (only foolin)
yourself, thought you were down - it takes more than a smile
and a couple of pounds to be crew
Man you bound to get your tail caught (who you foolin)
Spreadin yourself thin see you're (only foolin)
yourself, thinkin all you need is the wealth
You need to peep your whole circle out

[Pos]

Yo, since Jam Master Jay been rockin without a band
and that sister k.d. lang been sexin without a man
we brought our ultimate plan to birth
Put in work for this game, it's not a game to me
We've been furnished the props
Now we out to furnish properties we own
That's right (so) cats might know we ain't home
My throne's threatened by fiends, try to do dirt
Play Tony Randall - have that ass cleaned

[Dove]

Unveiled I see your exhibition, y'all need to cover that
Fatherless styles, y'all really need to mother that
Same expose, different page
but when you see me in it it's the same old Dave

[Pos]

Y'all silly, you're just a civili', I'm a soldier
Troopin in this path til the death won us over
So if life is a party begin, to understand
just like the DJ, we stayin to the end

[Chorus: De La Soul]

How you think you gon' get away? (who you foolin)
Changin faces on the regular you're (only foolin)
yourself, big top status, paintin your face
Who you think you really gonna fool huh?
We watch, what we got so (who you foolin)
around on my premises you're (only foolin)
you, into thinkin you can break in too
my place, and not have to face, our position

Who you foolin.. only foolin

De La Soul Lyrics

"The Art Of Getting Jumped"

I WAS..

[Pos]

.. on my way, to the disco
You know the club, Maseo was rockin rub that night
Midnight to four, name at the door
but the whole crew I can get in as well
So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith
Let this be a jam that we need not miss
"Yeah I'm already en route," no doubt
Might even jump up on the mic
to make sure that this party's turned out
And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line
to stand we find girls screamin the blues
Miscellaneous shoes everywhere
"Yo Mase, what happened here?"
("Go Brooklyn!") Yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules
Bump [?] people and out come the tools
Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews
and that's why them dudes hearts all pumped
Done closed the club down,
cause one of they niggaz got jumped
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Uh-huh, you heard the hook
No matter you Braveheart or shook
You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left
Kicks to the mids relievin you of breath
I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized
Some saw it comin and for others it was SURPRISE
Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

[Dove]

Yo! When they put the contracts out, bats and chairs included
Chicks can get into it - 'specially pretty broads
My New York City dawgs seem to master the art
When you hear the ("WHOO!") that's when the bullshit'll start
It only takes a second less you got on ice
Just for wearin your chain in they club, they'll beat you twice
Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass
My only advice is don't fall and book ass
For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position
where your lip'll catch a hickie (girl they'll fuck your mascara)
Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for havin good hair
man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots (ARRRGH!!)
It's never one or two of 'em, they headin out in troops

Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits
Waitin for the first vic to disrespect
Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the midst of the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

[Pos]

It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and bodies
and ya best believe we came to party
Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew
against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya
for reasons like - not in the right part of town
actin like you wore a crown
Some occasions long and mean to earn the right
to throw signs wearin only one color scheme
And bein positive is no exclusion
That's an illusion - you can still catch contusions
for flossin your hard-earned shine
I'm talkin games [?] the longest
then it's some other niggaz time
You'll get beat out of your mind just for rage
Shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage
Just for holdin it down on the mic, you could be talkin,
"Black people unite," and still catch a lump from the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

[Maseo]

Yo, it's this joint, called the art of getting jumped
We had to put this one on the album y'know?
Yeah - this is dedicated
to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany
That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fuckin club
Tried to knock me senseless
They just couldn't get me though
That's why I second round outside on 'em
Pull out some fuckin guns - punk bastards
and that's why my ass was hidin under the bridge (HAHAHAHA)

De La Soul Lyrics

"U Don't Wanna B.D.S."

(feat. Freddie Foxx)

Hahahahahahahaha!

[Freddie Foxxx]

HA! Check it out!

It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, also known as Freddie Foxxx
That's right, and I came to check my niggaz De La Soul

See y'all niggaz don't really wanna bust dat shit huh
Yaknahmsayin? So I'ma show you niggaz
the super-laser-gamma-ultra-killa-nigga special
You niggaz ain't no killers
You motherfuckers ain't gonna hurt nobody nigga
You better keep rhymin nigga
'fore I smack the shit outta you you little fuckin sissy
You niggaz ain't real; that's right

It's De La Soul baby, and Bumpy motherfuckin Knuckles baby
Alright, c'mon on!

[Maseo]

Check my stats, entire - apparat'
Even from the days when I had to roll strapped
Wonderin if I gotta go back to that
Zest to rub records from rap and kick facts
to tracks and stack, one *[?]* got kayed
Yeah some got paid, some waved in the fades
Fact of the matter my style will never fade
Managin to keep it all A-grade
So you can stay nourish and flourish with the truth
[?] some niggaz I know
If I need a mayday
Bust some fuckin niggaz tryin to play me cra-zay
Causin interruptions to my big pay-day
Playin with them guns make them fuckin lea-ry
but if it's clear-ly
Merely and surely and, how it's gotta be
I got some thorough niggaz that's ridin me
So witcha bullshit I'm not buyin it B
Don't come around thinkin you can try it with me
Cause uhh..

[Chorus: x2]

You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh!)

You don't wanna bust dat shit (NO NO!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (UH-UHH!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit!!

[Maseo]

Shick shick, CLIK-A-CLIK
This is where my people headin at
Innocent people are carryin gats
Now what the fuck is all that?
Is it cause times is live like a wire
gettin shock treated by the crossfire
Ha-siyahh, burn bare well prepared
to make my decision for my livin
I ain't the one (Robin) I'm the one (Given)
Hip-Hop driven, and willin to die for it
When Scott LaRock died man I cried and shit
Then some cats got rich callin a woman a bitch
but ain't no woman like the one I got
and if you call her a bitch well you might get (BLAM)
And I know the feelings is mutual
It's uncivilized and unsuitable
Crips and bloods are recruitable

[Chorus]

[Freddie Foxxx]

Ha ha, yeah you get the motherfuckin point, HUH?
You niggaz get the motherfuckin point, HUH?
That's right so while you niggaz is sittin up in central booking
Crying like bitches, HUH?
I'm in the motherfuckin holdin block
waitin for your sweet pussy punk ass
And I'ma whoop the shit out of you
for gettin on a fuckin record, actin like you a fuckin killer
I'ma show you niggaz what a motherfuckin killer's all about, HUH?
You niggaz ain't no motherfucking gangsters
You don't wanna bust that motherfuckin shit punk
I'll punch your whole chest cavity out faggot
You ain't no real nigga, nigga
I'll smack the shit out of you
cause you ain't a fuckin live nigga
You sittin in central booking, cryin like a bitch
Waitin for your father, to come bail you out
and Freddie Foxxx don't play that shit nigga
That's right, Bumpy Knuckles motherfucker
And if you don't know, now you motherfuckin know
And yo De La, check it out - it's your motherfuckin man
And if any one of them niggaz get sidewindin with you nigga
let me know, and I will send them niggaz hot ones
like I'm a motherfuckin Mexican - feel me on that one HUH?
Cause them niggaz know me nigga
Believe me nigga they know me
The motherfuckin troublemaker, that's right

And De La Soul, is rollin with Bump' Knux' nigga
So WHAT?!?!! Tell me, WHAT?!?!!?